

CRIME

THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!

SMASHERS

EDV. No. 1. 10¢



featuring:

SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE

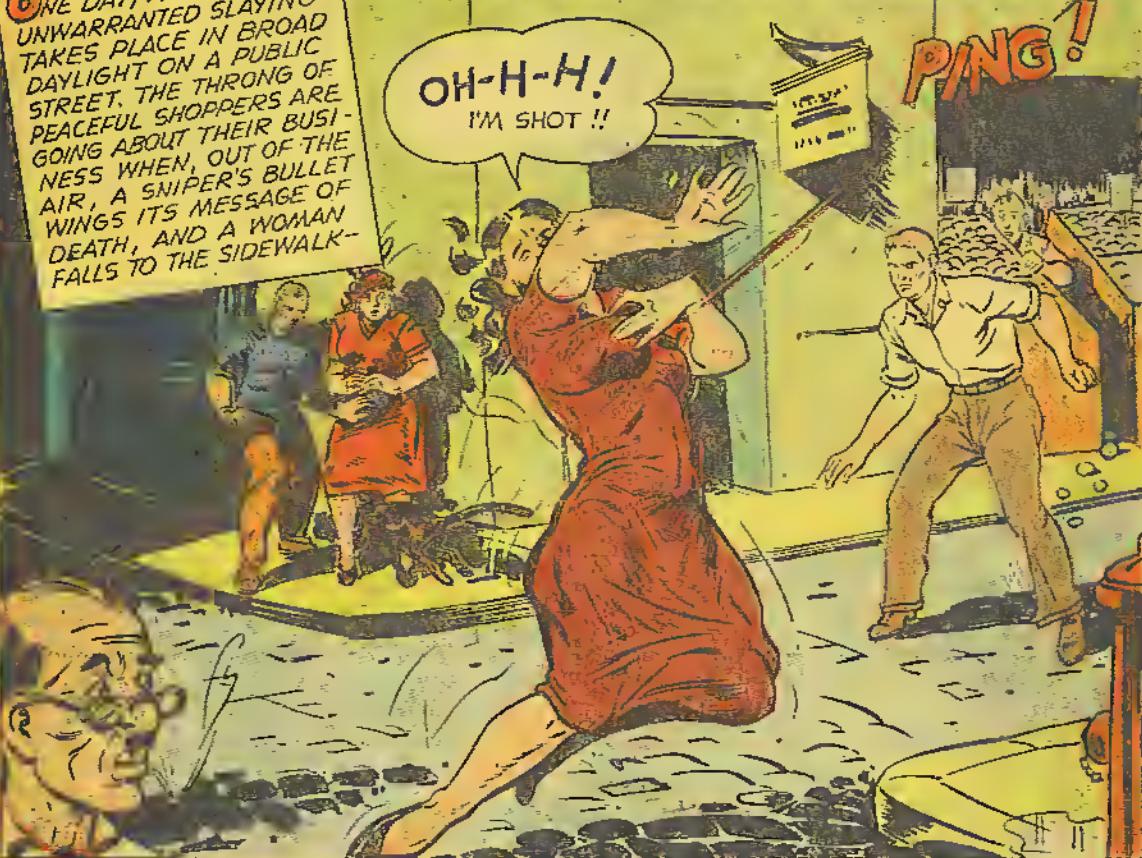
CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY !

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GAIL FORD - GIRL FRIDAY

ONE DAY, A BRUTAL AND UNWARRANTED SLAYING TAKES PLACE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT ON A PUBLIC STREET. THE THROG OF PEACEFUL SHOPPERS ARE GOING ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS WHEN, OUT OF THE AIR, A SNIPER'S BULLET WINGS ITS MESSAGE OF DEATH, AND A WOMAN FALLS TO THE SIDEWALK.

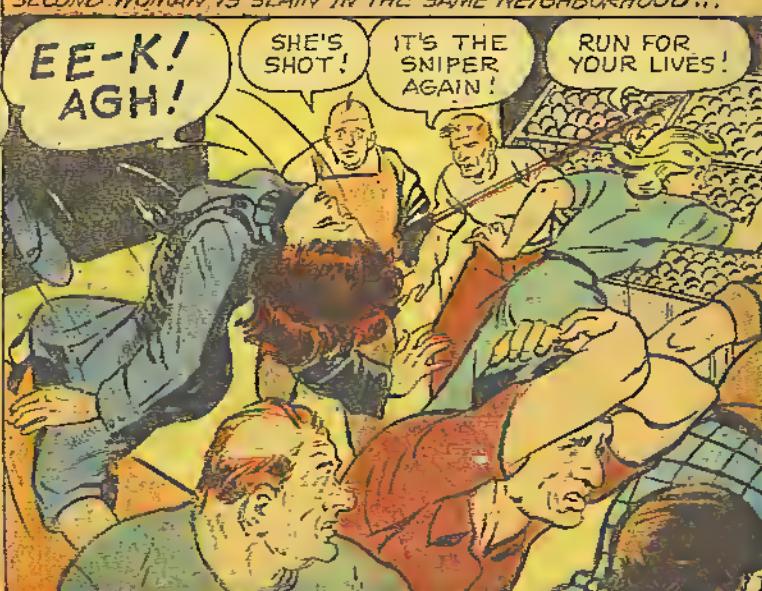


INSPECTOR MADSON OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, WITH MCQUADE, HIS ASSISTANT, AND GAIL FORD, HIS SECRETARY, QUICKLY REACH THE SCENE OF THE MURDER...

THIS WOMAN IS DEAD, INSPECTOR!

AND NO TRACE OF THE SOURCE OF THE BULLET. IT CAME FROM A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE.

TWO DAYS LATER, WITH THE MURDER STILL UNSOLVED, A SECOND WOMAN IS SLAIN IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

SORRY TO REPORT NO PROGRESS, BOSS.

YOU MUST CATCH THAT SNIPER, MAC. THE PEOPLE ARE IN TERROR AND YELLING FOR PROTECTION.

THE BULLETS CAME FROM ABOVE. WE SEARCHED THE ROOFS FOR BLOCKS AROUND, BUT WE FOUND NOTHING.

STAY WITH IT, MAC. CATCH HIM, THERE MUST BE NO MORE STREET KILLINGS.

LATER, GAIL, ON HER WAY HOME, GOES THROUGH THE MURDER NEIGHBORHOOD...

STRANGE WERE STYMIED ON THOSE TWO CASES... I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BLOCK -



AS SHE TURNS A CORNER, A RUNNING BOY BUMPS INTO HER, KNOCKING HER OFF HER FEET...



A GANG OF NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS, WHO HAVE BEEN PURSUISING THE SUBNORMAL YOUTH, TAUNT HIM...



GET AWAY, YOU YOUNG RUFFIANS. LET THIS BOY ALONE!



TANKS, LADY.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
KID, GO ON HOME.



IT'S A SHAME THE WAY THEY TREAT THAT UNDER-PRIVILEGED BOY. I MUST GET THE POLICE BOYS' LEAGUE TO HELP HIM.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, MISS.

NEXT DAY, GAIL GOES BACK...

WHERE DOES THAT BOY LIVE - THE ONE THE HOODLUMS WERE CHASING YESTERDAY?

RIGHT UPSTAIRS.
- FIFTH FLOOR.

I WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOUR SON. I'M FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT AND I'D LIKE TO -

OH, YEAH?



GET OUT! - WE DON'T WANT NO COPS 'ROUND HERE!

WELL!



BACK IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MAC - I'M NOT A COP, JUST THE INSPECTOR'S SECRETARY, BUT I WANT TO HELP ON THE SNIPER CASE. I HAVE AN IDEA - A GOOD ONE -

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, GAIL?



GAIL EXPLAINS SECRETLY...

...PST - SEE WHAT I MEAN? DON'T TELL THE INSPECTOR. JUST WORK WITH ME ON THIS AND SEE IF I'M NOT ON THE RIGHT TRAIL.

ALL RIGHT, GAIL. WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY -



HERE'S THE KEY YOU WANT. HURRY!

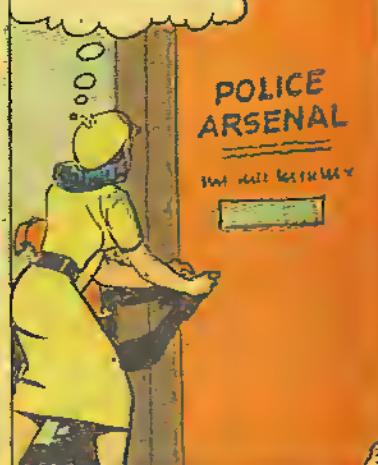
THANKS, MAC.



GAIL VISITS A SPECIAL ROOM...

JUST ONE THING I WANT HERE -

POLICE ARSENAL
THE POLICE KITCHEN



I'M A BIT WORRIED, GAIL. YOU ARE TAKING A BIG CHANCE.

OH, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MAC. LET'S GO.

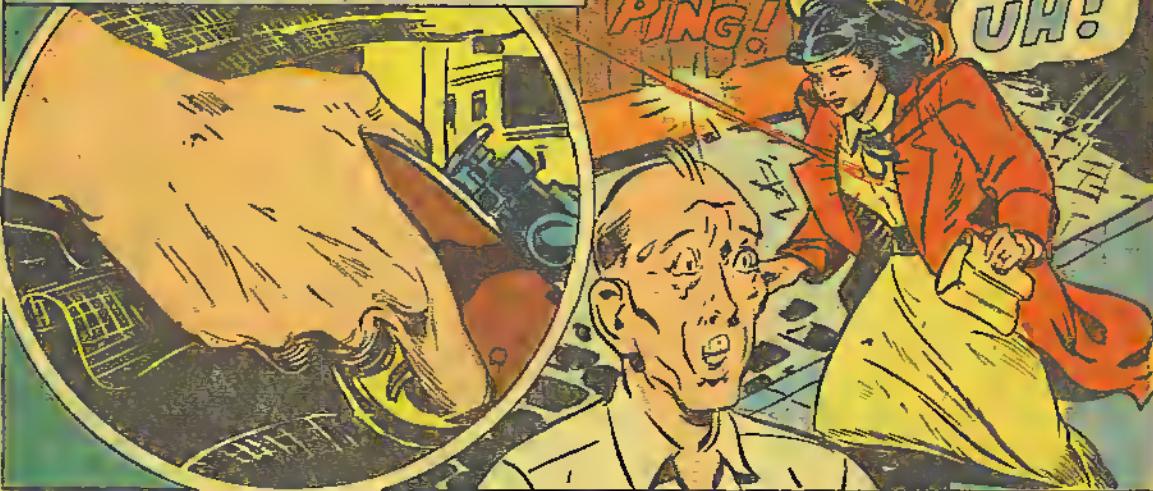
GAIL STROLLS ALONE NEAR THE MURDER SCENE . . .

GOT TO ADMIT I'M A BIT SCARED. I FEEL LIKE A SITTING DUCK FOR THAT SNIPER -



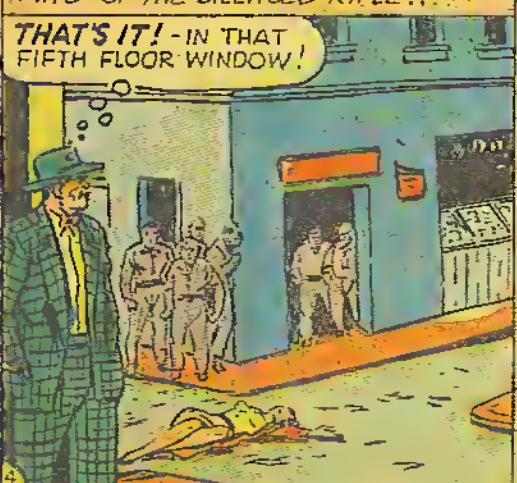
UNSEEN EYES WATCH HER, AND A RIFLE IS TRAINED ON GAIL, SLOWLY, INTENTLY, A RELENTLESS FINGER PRESSES THE TRIGGER . . .

THE BULLET FLIES TO ITS TARGET - AND GAIL TOPPLES !! -



MAC'S EYES AND EARS HAVE BEEN ON THE ALERT, AND HE DETECTS THE FAINT "PING" OF THE SILENCED RIFLE . . .

IN AN INSTANT, GAIL IS UP AND RUNNING AFTER MAC TOWARD THE HOUSE HIDING THE SNIPER . . .



THAT'S IT! - IN THAT FIFTH FLOOR WINDOW!

BOY! AM I GLAD I WORE THAT POLICE BULLET-PROOF VEST! IT SAVED MY LIFE!

AS THEY BREAK INTO THE ROOM, THEY SEE THE YOUTH AND HIS MOTHER STRUGGLING FOR POSSESSION OF THE RIFLE...

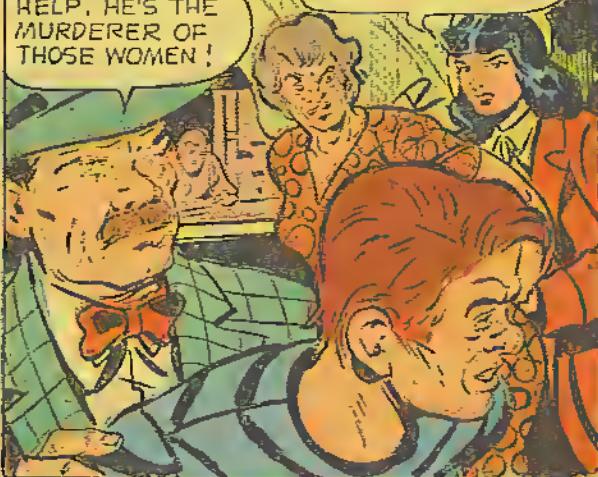
GIMME THE GUN!

LET GO, YOU FOOL!



WELL, GAIL, HERE'S THAT YOUNG JERK YOU WANTED TO HELP. HE'S THE MURDERER OF THOSE WOMEN!

NO, MAC, IT'S HIS MOTHER WHO IS THE MURDERESS!!



THE BOY HAS PALSY. SEE HOW HIS HANDS ARE ALWAYS SHAKING? HE COULD NOT HAVE AIMED THE GUN.

YOU WERE GOOD TO ME. I DIDN'T WANT HER TO SHOOT YOU!!



SOON, THE COPS TAKE THE SREAMING WOMAN AND HER SON AWAY...

SO IT WAS MRS. MURPHY AFTER ALL!

WHAT A FITY!



A PSYCHIATRY TEST IS QUICKLY HELD...

YEAH - I SHOT 'EM! I SHOT 'EM! I HATE 'EM, ALL OTHER WOMEN! THEY HAVE FINE SONS BUT I HAVE THIS IMBECILE AN' MY HUSBAND LEFT ME! I'LL KILL MORE! -MORE!!

OH, NO YOU WON'T, MRS. MURPHY,

SHE'S A HOMICIDAL MANIAC!

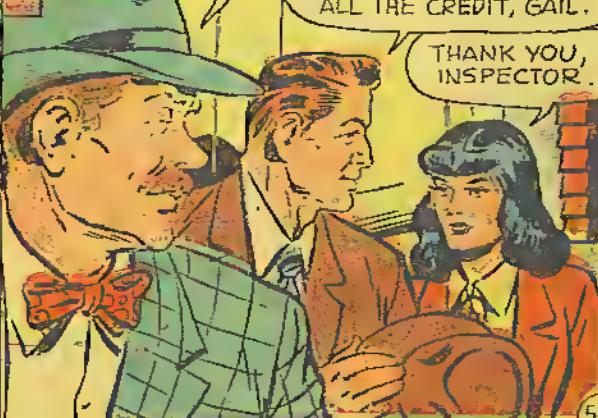


LATER

WELL, I HEAR THEY PUT MRS. MURPHY AWAY FOR LIFE IN THE LOONY-BIN.

YES, SHE'S INCURABLE. AND THE BOY IS IN A SCHOOL WHERE HE WILL GET A GOOD CHANCE IN LIFE. YOU DESERVE ALL THE CREDIT, GAIL.

THANK YOU, INSPECTOR.



DAN TURNER -

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

by

Robert L. Bellem

DAN TURNER TAKES
A MOVIE DIRECTOR,
FRIEND, AL HONDO,
TO SEE A BALLET
PERFORMANCE ...

STRANGLER'S
BALLET

AL, I WANT YOU TO GANDER THIS
LOLA LAVERNE COOKIE. EVEN IN BLACK
TIGHTS AND A MASK, SHE'S THE
SLIMMEST, PRETTIEST --

LOLA LAVERNE
KAY CLARK

BLACK STRANGLER
BALLET

NOW DON'T GO
OVERBOARD,
SHERLOCK!

I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE CHICK, BUT I
FIGURE SHE'S A NATURAL FOR YOUR
NEXT PICTURE.

OH, SO?

SHE'S TERRIFIC
WHEN SHE CHOKES
THE CLARK
TOMATO WITH
HER OWN HAIR.

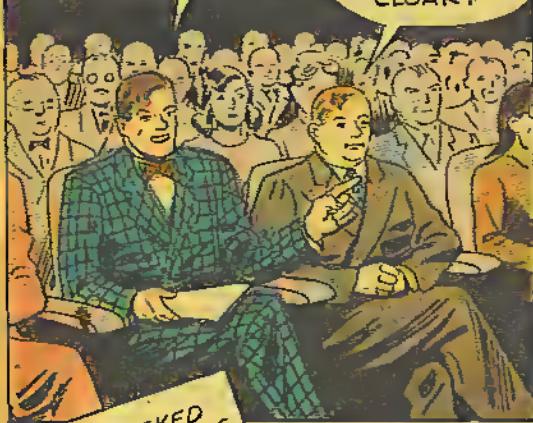
YOU SOUND LIKE A
TALENT SCOUT ON
THE MAKE. SH-H !
THERE'S THE
OVERTURE. CURTAIN'S
GOING UP.

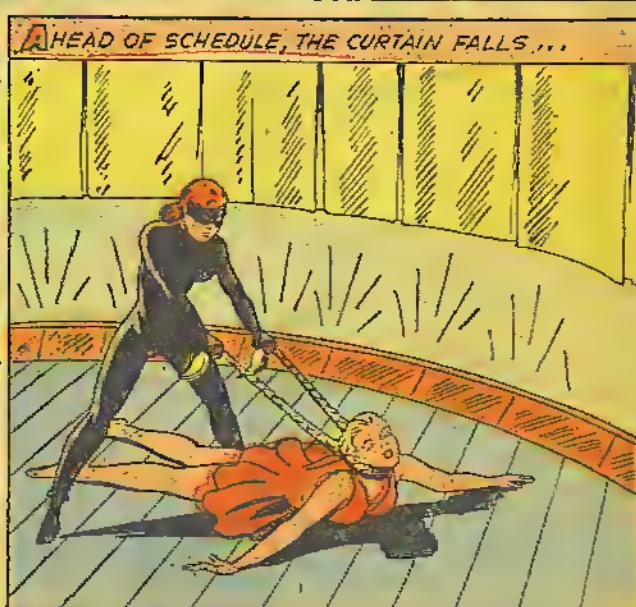
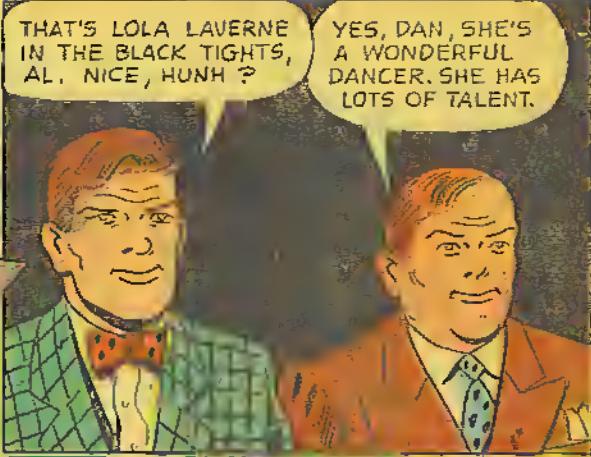
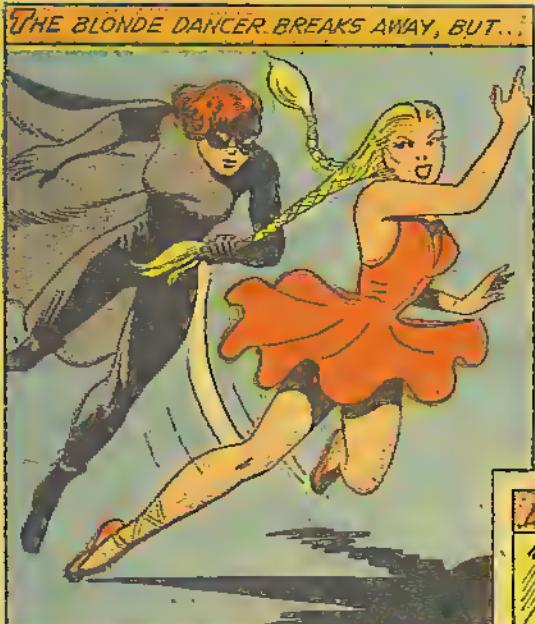
THAT'S LOLA LAVERNE
IN THE CLOAK. WATCH
HOW GRACEFUL SHE IS.

CAN'T TELL
MUCH, SHE'S
SO WRAPPED
UP IN THAT
CLOAK.

DON'T WORRY,
SHE'LL UNWRAP.

I'M ALL EYES!





HEARING A
COMMOTION
BEHIND THE
CURTAIN,
DAN TURNER
AND HIS
FRIEND
DASH,
BACKSTAGE.

THE THROTTLING
WAS GENUINE.
THIS DOLL IS
DEFUNCT!

LOLA LAVERNE
DID IT AND RAN
OFFSTAGE AS
THE CURTAIN
DROPPED.

MAYBE SHE
WENT TO
HER DRESSING
ROOM.

CHECK UP ON
HER, HAWKSHAW,
WHILE I PHONE
THE COPS!

TURNER CRASHES LOLA LAVERNE'S ROOM...

MISS
LAVERNE!
WHAT
THE - ?

OOH-H, MY HEAD! SOMEBODY
SNEAKED IN AND SLUGGED
ME JUST AS I WAS READY
FOR MY DANCE ROUTINE
WITH KAY CLARK!

MEANING YOU WEREN'T ONSTAGE AT ALL?
THEN YOU CAN'T HAVE KILLED HER, BUT
WHO COULD IMPERSONATE
YOU IN THE DANCE?

NOBODY BUT
MY UNDERSTUDY,
SUSAN WEBB. SHE'S
THE ONLY ONE WHO
KNOWS THE STEPS.

TURNER BARGES IN ON SUSAN WEBB ...

SAY -
HOW
DARE
YOU !

QUIET, BABY. HMM-M, YOU'RE THE
SAME KIND OF BUILD AS THE DANCER
WHO STRANGLED KAY CLARK JUST NOW,

STRANGLED - ? YOU'RE NUTS !
I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF MY
DRESSING ROOM SINCE I CAME
TO THE THEATER !

YOU CAN'T ACCUSE
ME OF MURDER !

NO YOU DON'T !



YOU'RE STAYING TO.
FACE CHARGES.

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK !



LET ME
G-GO !

IXNAY. MURDER IS A
SERIOUS THING !



A HEEL FOR
A HEEL !

YEE-OWP !



TWO MINUTES LATER, TURNER WAKES
UP TO FIND SUSAN WEBB GONE . . .

SHE'S SCRAMMED !
BUT SHE KNOCKED
SOME SENSE INTO
MY HEAD !



I'LL HAVE ANOTHER
CHIN-FEST WITH THE
LAVERNE QUAIL.



YOUR CLOUTED CONK MUST BE BETTER,
KITTY, GETTING DRESSED TO LEAVE?

WHY, Y-YES.

WHAT DID YOU PACK
IN THE BAG - MAYBE
A WIG? WELL, DO
YOU DENY IT?

I-I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU M-MEAN!



THE DAME WHO
DANCED WITH KAY
CLARK AND
CROAKED HER HAD
A REDDISH TINGE
TO HER HAIR.

THAT DESCRIBES
SUSAN WEBB, MY
UNDERSTUDY.

YEAH, BUT THE WEBB DAME CLAIMS SHE
WASN'T OUT OF HER DRESSING ROOM DURING
THE DANCE, AND SOMEHOW, I BELIEVE HER.



YOU THINK SO? SHE WOULDN'T HAVE
GIVEN HERSELF AWAY LIKE THAT
- LOOKING LIKE HERSELF!

SO
WHAT?

SO YOU'RE THE ONLY
OTHER DANCER WHO COULD
GO THROUGH THE ROUTINE.

BUT MY HAIR'S NOT
REDDISH - IT'S
BLACK!



PROOF OF YOUR GUILT, SISTER. BY WEARING THIS REDDISH-COLORED WIG, YOU IMPERSONATED SUSAN WEBB IMPERSONATING YOURSELF. IT WAS A NEAT SWITCH, THOUGH COMPLICATED.



AFTER BUMPING THE CLARK DOLL, YOU RAN BACK HERE, BOPPED YOURSELF ON THE DOME AND WERE SET WITH A PHONY ALIBI.

NO - DON'T !



THEY'LL FIND TRACES OF HER YELLOW HAIR UNDER YOUR NAILS, PROVING YOU THROTTLED HER. NOW MAKE A CLEAN BREAST OF IT, HON. WHY DID YOU DO IT ?

YOU - YOU'VE GOT ME!



KAY CLARK AND SUSAN WEBB WERE WRECKING MY BALLET CAREER WITH GOSSIP. I DECIDED TO K-KILL ONE AND FRAME THE OTHER.

NOW YOU'LL DANCE IN THE GAS CHAMBER !



HERE'S LIEUTENANT DAVE DONALDSON OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD.

I HEARD HER CONFESSION. NICE WORK, SHERLOCK. HOW DID YOU SPOT THE ESSENTIAL CLUE ?



SHUCKS, LIEUTENANT, I'M AN EXPERT ON FEMALE TRICKS. SHE'D HAVE TO BE A LOT MORE CLEVER THAN THAT TO FOOL DAN TURNER!



LOOK FOR DAN TURNER'S NEW ADVENTURE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE ...

Prayer Works Wonders



SHE'S THE ONE FOR ME! GLAD I HAVE A DINNER DATE WITH HER TONIGHT!

BATER...

HOPE THIS NEW TIE REGISTERS WITH HER... I SURE WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

NEXT MORNING...

HOW DID IT GO LAST NIGHT, SON? DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME?

OH SO, SO, MOTHER!

YOUR BEST FRIEND, BEN, SHOWS HIS GIRL HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HER, BY TAKING HER TO SYNAGOGUE EVERY WEEK! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE SAME AND TAKE YOUR GIRL TO CHURCH? THERE ISN'T A GIRL IN THE WORLD WHO WOULDN'T APPRECIATE AND RESPECT SUCH AN INVITATION!

ATTEND THE CHURCH OR SYNAGOGUE OF YOUR CHOICE...

IN COOPERATION WITH RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE...

SALLY the SLEUTH

by Pierre Charpentier

"FILM OF MURDER"

ONE MORNING, A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER CALLS ON SALLY'S CHIEF TO CONSULT HIM ABOUT A PERSONAL PROBLEM...

GOOD MORNING, MR. TALLEY, WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

SOMEONE HAS BEEN SNOOPING ABOUT MY STUDIO WHILE I'M OUT.

THAT WAS ANNOYING, BUT NOW IT'S WORSE. A BULLET NEARLY HIT ME AS I LEFT LAST NIGHT. TAKE THIS TWO HUNDRED AS A RETAINER. I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHO'S DOING THIS.

OKAY, SALLY AND I WILL SEE YOU AT YOUR STUDIO TOMORROW.

BUT, NEXT DAY, WHEN SALLY AND THE CHIEF GO TO TALLEY'S STUDIO, THEY WALK IN AND FIND A CORPSE...

IT'S TALLEY! HE'S BEEN KILLED. CALL HOMICIDE BUREAU!

GOSH, WE'RE TOO LATE TO PROTECT HIM. HERE'S THE LITTLE CAMERA HE MUST HAVE BEEN USING WHEN HE WAS SHOT.

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE ...

AFTER ALL, SALLY, HE DID GIVE US THAT RETAINER. WE'LL HAVE TO HELP SOLVE HIS MURDER.



LATER, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE ...

LOOK - I DEVELOPED THE FILM IN THE CAMERA I PICKED UP. ONLY ONE SHOT WAS TAKEN - AND WHO DO YOU THINK IT SHOWS ?



IT'S MARTHA - TALLEY'S ESTRANGED WIFE !



SHE PROBABLY HAD A ROW WITH HIM AND HE CLICKED THE SHUTTER JUST AS SHE SHOT HIM. I'M GOING AFTER HER RIGHT AWAY.

OKAY, CHIEF. I HAVE SOMETHING ELSE VERY IMPORTANT TO DO.



THE CHIEF CALLS ON MARTHA TALLEY...

YOU KILLED YOUR HUSBAND.
I'M GOING TO PUT YOU UNDER ARREST !

YOU LIE!
I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!



I WENT TO COLLECT SOME MONEY HE OWED ME. HE WAS SO NASTY ABOUT IT THAT WE QUARRELED. I HEARD A SHOT AND HE FELL. I WAS SCARED, SO I GOT OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY.

TELL IT TO THE COPS!

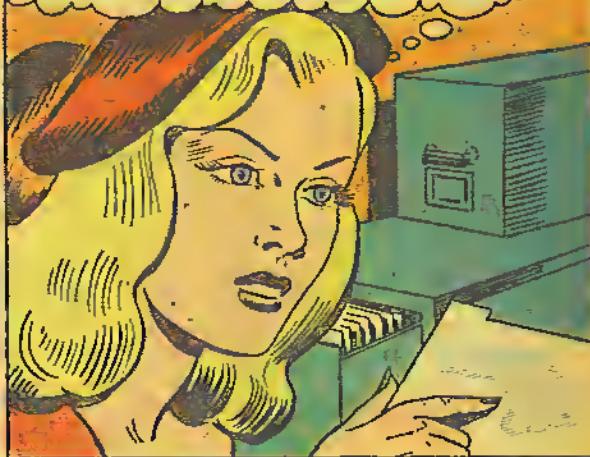


SALLY GOES TO THE SLAIN MAN'S STUDIO AND CAREFULLY PERUSES HIS LISTS OF CLIENTS . . .

IT MUST BE IN HERE SOMEWHERE -



HERE IT IS - LEILA DENNING - I REMEMBER HER DEBUTANTE SHINDIG ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO,



SALLY PAYS A VISIT TO THE DENNING HOME . . .

I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MISS LEILA, COME IN, MISS,



WHEN DID YOU SEE PHIL TALLEY LAST, MISS DENNING?

WHY, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN HIM, I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE MAN!



BUT YOUR NAME WAS ON HIS LIST AT THE STUDIO -

OH, THAT WAS PROBABLY A LIST OF PROSPECTS. HE SOLICITED WORK FROM ALL THE PROMINENT PEOPLE.



SORRY I CAN'T HELP YOU, MISS - MISS --

NEVER MIND, MISS DENNING, GOOD DAY!



THAT EVENING, SALLY SEES THE ELDER DENNINGS LEAVE THE HOUSE...

LEILA ISN'T GOING ALONG.
THAT MEANS SHE'S
STAYING HOME WITH
THE SERVANTS -



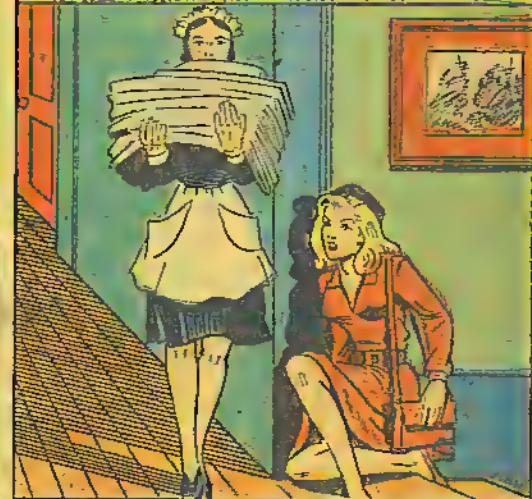
SALLY GETS INTO A
WINDOW WITHOUT
ANY TROUBLE...



...AND TIPTOES
UPSTAIRS...



SHE SHRINKS TO THE WALL
AS A MAID PASSES...



THAT MUST BE LEILA'S
ROOM - SOUNDS LIKE
SHE'S IN THERE --



SALLY SEES LEILA CROUCHED OVER THE FIRE-
PLACE - AND A THIN CURL OF SMOKE...





SALLY - WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I'VE GOT THE TALLEY KILLING ALL SOLVED, CHIEF.

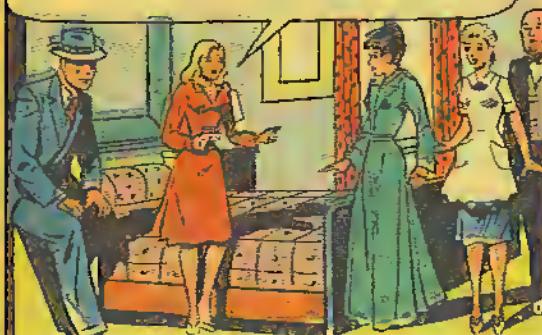


HOW COME? I JUST TOOK MRS. TALLEY TO JAIL. THE POLICE WILL GET A CONFESSION OUT OF HER IN SHORT ORDER.

TELL THE COPS TO LET HER GO. HERE'S YOUR MURDERESS!



TALLEY WAS BLACKMAILING THIS GIRL BECAUSE HE HAD TAKEN SOME PHOTOS OF HER IN THE COMPANY OF A NOTORIOUS GANGSTER. I REMEMBER READING THAT SHE ONLY RECENTLY GOT ENGAGED TO A RICH GUY. I GUESS SHE WAS DESPERATELY TRYING TO GET THEM BACK - ENOUGH TO KILL!



YES - OUR FAMILY IS REALLY FLAT BROKE, IN SPITE OF ALL THIS PRETENSE. THIS MARRIAGE MEANT EVERYTHING TO US. PHIL TALLEY THREATENED TO SHOW THE PICTURES TO MY FIANCÉ UNLESS I PAID HIM \$5,000, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE THAT MUCH MONEY.



HOW DID YOU TUMBLE TO THIS ANGLE, SALLY?

EASY, CHIEF. I NOTICED SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T.



IN THAT FILM OF TALLEY'S THAT I DEVELOPED, I SAW A BAG ON THE CHAIR, WITH THE INITIALS L.D. IT COULDN'T HAVE BELONGED TO TALLEY'S WIFE, WHAT'S MORE, THE BAG WAS GONE WHEN WE FOUND THE BODY, SO OBVIOUSLY ANOTHER WOMAN WAS IN THE STUDIO WHEN HE WAS SHOT.



WHEN I SEARCHED THE FILES, LEILA DENNING'S NAME WAS THE ONLY ONE THAT MATCHED THE INITIALS ON THE BAG.



YOU, LEILA, WENT TO THE STUDIO WITH A GUN TO HAVE IT OUT WITH TALLEY. WHEN HIS WIFE CAME IN, YOU HID. YOU HEARD THEM QUARRELING AND SHOT HIM, FIGURING HIS WIFE WOULD GET THE BLAME. SHE SCRAMMED. YOU GOT THE NEGATIVES YOU WERE AFTER, PICKED UP YOUR BAG AND GOT OUT JUST BEFORE THE CHIEF AND I ARRIVED.

YES - THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED.



THE CHIEF PHONES POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

HEY, BURKE - SEND A DETAIL UP TO 612 AUBURN. WE'VE GOT TALLEY'S KILLER.



THE HECK YOU SAY ! WE'VE BEEN QUESTIONING THE DAME DOWN HERE, BUT SO FAR, NO LUCK.



YOU DON'T MEAN IT ! MISS DENNING, THE SOCIETY BUD, IS TALLEY'S MURDERESS ?

YES - AND WE HAVE HER CONFESSION.



COME ALONG, MISS -

GEE, CHIEF, I'M SORT OF SORRY FOR THAT POOR GIRL !



DON'T WORRY, IN VIEW OF THE BLACKMAIL ANGLE, SHE MAY EVEN GO SCOT FREE.

AND IN THE FUTURE, SHE WILL BE WISE TO PICK HER FRIENDS MORE CAREFULLY !!



READ SALLY'S NEW CASE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE ...

RAY HALE

NEWS ACE

by Newt Alfred

in
"TRAIL OF TERROR"

THE CITY EDITOR OF THE
"CLARION" GIVES HALE, HIS
STAR REPORTER, A LEAD...

I HEAR
THERE'S TROUBLE
BREWING DOWN
IN CHINATOWN.

I'LL BLOW
DOWN THERE
AND SEE
WHAT I CAN
DIG UP.



HALE NIGHTLY WALKS AROUND
THE QUANT STREETS, MEANWHILE
KEEPING HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN...

ALL CALM AROUND HERE -- THERE
ARE NO MORE TONG WARS, SO I
WONDER WHAT THIS TROUBLE IS
THAT THE BOSS SPOKE OF --



THEN, SUDDENLY, HALE HEARS A
BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM FROM ABOVE.
AND DODGES JUST IN TIME AS A
WRITHING FIGURE HURTLES DOWN...



A COP QUICKLY RUNS TO THE SPOT...

WHAT HAPPENED? I HEARD A YELL - THIS GUY TOOK'A TUMBLE. BUT HE CAN'T TELL US WHY -- HE'S DEAD!



YOU'RE HALE OF THE "CLARION", AREN'T YOU? COME ON - GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED UPSTAIRS.



B ON THE THIRD LANDING, A DOOR OPENS AND A CHINAMAN OF DIGNIFIED MIEN SPEAKS TO THEM.

YOU WANT TO SEE ME, I THINK - WHO ARE YOU?



I AM CHUNG WU. THIS IS MY HUMBLE DWELLING WHERE THE BURGLAR TRIED TO ENTER - AND FELL FROM THE BALCONY TO HIS DOG'S DEATH.



THEY GO TO THE BALCONY...

THIS IS WHERE THE MISERABLE BEING WAS DISCOVERED. I STRUGGLED WITH HIM AND HE FELL OVER.

I'LL MAKE A REPORT AT ONCE,



SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS. CHINESE DON'T BURGLAR EACH OTHER'S HOUSES. MAYBE IT HAS TO DO WITH THE TROUBLE I'M SUPPOSED TO CHECK ON--



BUT, THE VERY NEXT DAY, ANOTHER YOUNG CHINESE IS FOUND SLAIN...

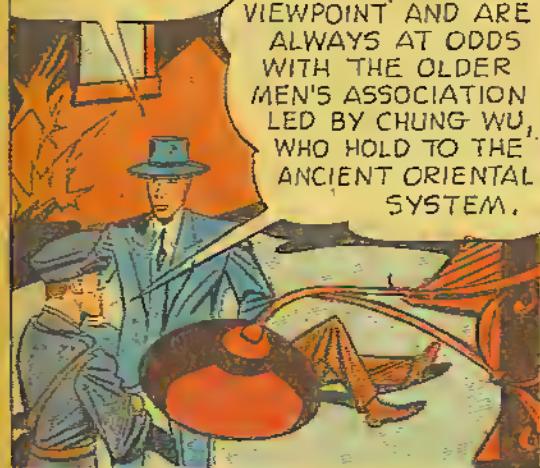
ANOTHER BODY! THIS ONE WAS STABBED -

LOOKS LIKE A WAVE OF DEATHS - FOR SOME REASON.



WEREN'T THEY INVOLVED IN ANY TROUBLE?

NOT SPECIALLY, BUT THEY REPRESENT THE NEW, WESTERN VIEWPOINT AND ARE ALWAYS AT ODDS WITH THE OLDER MEN'S ASSOCIATION LED BY CHUNG WU, WHO HOLD TO THE ANCIENT ORIENTAL SYSTEM.



MAYBE THAT'S THE TIE-IN I'M LOOKING FOR --



Y'KNOW, HALE, I KNEW THESE FELLOWS, THEY WERE BOTH MEMBERS OF THE "CHINESE YOUTH CLUB", A PRETTY GOOD OUTFIT. THEY WERE DECENT YOUNG GUYS.



HASN'T CHUNG WU ANY SONS? WHAT ABOUT THEM?

NO SONS, HE HAS JUST ONE DAUGHTER.



HALE NOTICES SOME KIDS PLAYING...

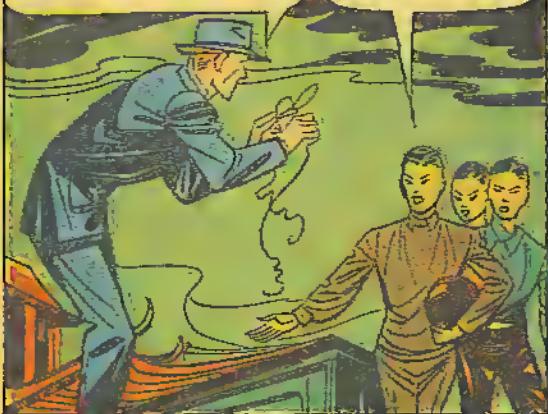
KIDS KNOW A LOT ABOUT A NEIGHBORHOOD LIKE THIS. I THINK I'LL MAKE FRIENDS WITH THEM -



HALE TAKES A PIECE OF STRING FROM HIS POCKET...

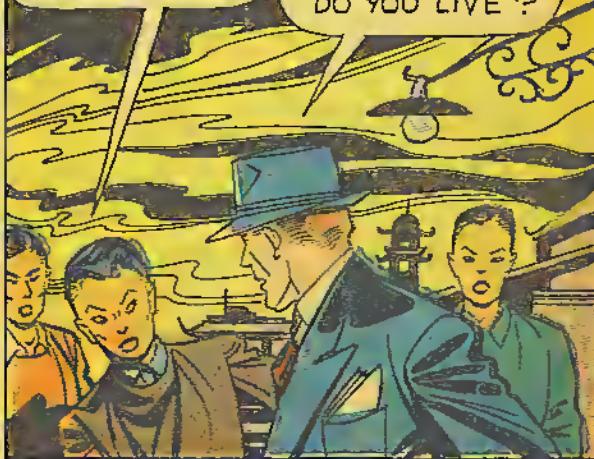
HEY, KIDS, EVER SEE THIS TRICK?

AW, I CAN DO THAT.



I'M A BOY SCOUT.
WE KNOW ALL THOSE KNOTS.

SMART BOY!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
WHERE DO YOU LIVE?



I'M JIMMY WONG. I LIVE OVER THERE, ACROSS FROM THE CANTON BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.



HAVE YOU ANY LONG STRING IN YOUR HOUSE?

SURE -



LET'S GET IT AND GO UP ON YOUR ROOF. I'LL SHOW YOU SOME ROPE TRICKS I LEARNED IN THE NAVY.



ONCE ON THE ROOF, HALE'S ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED TO CHUNG WU'S HOUSE...

THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL IN THAT WINDOW OVER THERE.

YEP, I KNOW HER.



LOOK! SHE'S
WAVING AT
US.

YEP - SHE'S
SIGNALLING.



THAT'S CHUNG LING. LOOK - SHE'S
SENDING A MESSAGE BY WIG-WAG.
SHE MUST BE A GIRL SCOUT - I
CAN UNDERSTAND IT!



WHAT DOES
SHE SAY?

SHE SAYS: "TELL
CHARLEY KEE TO STAY
AWAY. HE WILL LOSE
HIS LIFE IF HE TRIES
TO SEE ME."



THEN, SHE MUST BE
A PRISONER, WHO
IS CHARLEY KEE?

COME ON, I
KNOW WHERE
HE HANGS
OUT.



JIMMY WONG SPEEDILY
LEADS THE WAY...

HERE'S THE PLACE.



INSIDE, THEY FIND CHARLEY KEE...

I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT CHUNG LING. TWO
OF MY FRIENDS HAVE ALREADY BEEN
KILLED TRYING TO HELP ME, BUT I
WON'T GIVE UP!

THIS IS THE GUY
I'LL HAVE TO WATCH.



AFTER VAINLY TRYING TO DISSUADE CHARLEY, HALE AND JIMMY KEEP A VIGIL THAT NIGHT ACROSS FROM CHUNG WU'S HOUSE . . .

THERE HE GOES!
THAT'S CHARLEY!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER, THEY SEE FIGURES STRUGGLING ON THE BALCONY...

COME ON - OR HE'LL BE KILLED TOO!



THE COP ON THE BEAT ALSO SEES THE OCCURANCE, AND FOLLOWS...

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER BURGLAR UP THERE -



MEANWHILE, UP THE STAIRS, HALE MEETS VIOLENT OPPPOSITION WITH AN UPPERCUT...

OH, NO YOU DON'T!



COMING UP BEHIND THEM, THE COP TAKES CARE OF ANOTHER GUARD...

OUTTA TH' WAY!



CHUNG WU'S DOOR IS OPEN. THEY MUST HAVE LET CHARLEY IN. HE NEEDS HELP BY NOW. C'MON!



LOOK! GRAB CHARLEY BEFORE HE GOES OVER!

OW-W!



AS THEY PULL CHARLEY TO SAFETY, CHUNG WU SLIPS AWAY...



A MOMENT LATER, A SCREAM OF TERROR COMES FROM NEARBY...



RACING INTO THE ADJOINING ROOM, THEY SEE ...



BUT INSTEAD OF HARMING THE GIRL,
CHUNG WU PLUNGES THE FATAL
KNIFE INTO HIS OWN HEART!....



OH - (SOB!) -
OH, CHARLEY!

THERE, THERE,
CHUNG LING.
YOU ARE SAFE
NOW, DARLING.

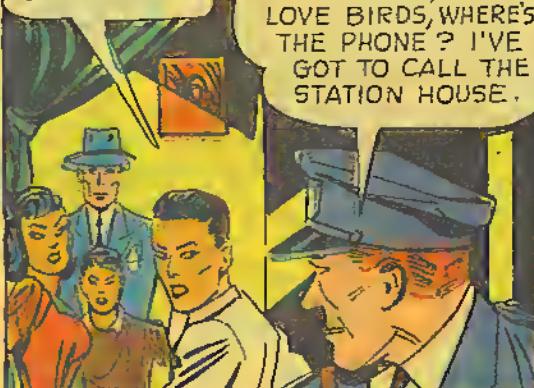
YOU SEE, MY FATHER SOLD ME INTO MARRIAGE ACCORDING TO THE OLD CUSTOM, THEN HE LOST THE MONEY GAMBLING. HE INSISTED THAT I GO THROUGH WITH IT TO "SAVE FACE". NOW HE SAVED IT BY KILLING HIMSELF.



CHUNG LING AND I MET AT SCHOOL. WE FELL IN LOVE. WHEN WE TOLD HER FATHER WE WANTED TO MARRY, HE SAID SHE WAS ALREADY BETROTHED, AND LOCKED HER UP.

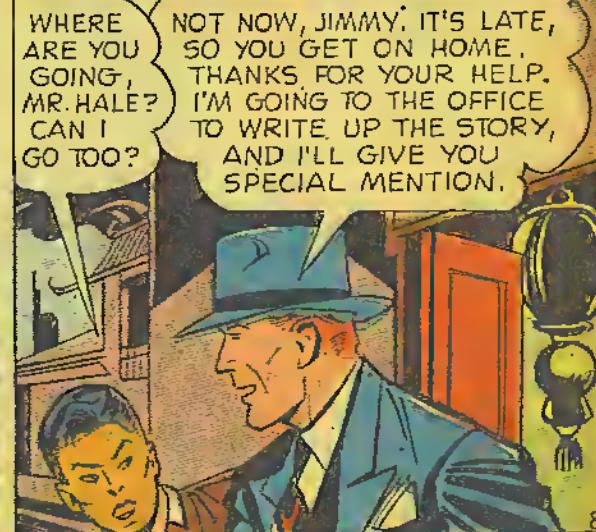


MY PALS IN THE YOUTH CLUB TRIED TO HELP ME GET HER OUT, BUT CHUNG WU AND MEMBERS OF HIS ASSOCIATION WERE SET TO KILL US ALL BEFORE HE'D LET HER GO.



ALL RIGHT, LOVEY LOVE BIRDS, WHERE'S THE PHONE? I'VE GOT TO CALL THE STATION HOUSE.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MR. HALE? CAN I GO TOO?



NOT NOW, JIMMY. IT'S LATE, SO YOU GET ON HOME. THANKS FOR YOUR HELP. I'M GOING TO THE OFFICE TO WRITE UP THE STORY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU SPECIAL MENTION.